

# 2Pac, M.O.B.

(feat. Outlawz)

[Chorus 2X: 2Pac]

M.O.B., nigga 'cause we mob on you tricks  
and you know we keep it money over bitches

[2Pac]

Thugs known to bust on sight  
God bless my crazy life la vida loca homie livin that thug life  
Been raised in violence homicide's my lullaby  
Came with the homies and learned to kick it until we die  
Boss players you wonder why  
I live the life of a ghetto kingpin, just let me ride  
Bitches and niggaz in penitentiary suits  
I send 'em letters and money orders and make 'em my troops  
As for you females, I got no time, I gotta get mine  
You cannot blind me addicted to a life of crime  
My time as shorty was full of car chases  
While runnin with John Gotti's and Scarface's  
Niggas knew, I'd be the Don in my own crew  
A million niggaz with automatics who swarm through  
You wonder who shot me here's a clue, stay alert  
Cause we comin' for you, and keep it money over bitches

[Chorus w/ ad libs]

[Fatal]

I blow you up on the spot, these glocks hot 'til you drop  
All you wannabe cops, you don't wanna see shots  
I beef deep with the police peep what these streets do to me  
Actin all new to me I creep on you like puberty  
You don't wanna see the bad image of this scrimmage  
From here to East Greenwich through every state with a sentence  
Frozen weight in the cooter, ten plates to soup ya  
1 2's we oughta cruise right by the state troopers  
When I'm drinkin Cristal, start thinkin 'bout Al  
Bacardi coverin my body at the wink and a smile  
Bag a hottie or two, cause butter shotties for you  
I got more bodies than Drew, I drink Mynotti on New, fuck your crew  
This type of shit I do for a petty hobby  
Fuck the world it's Fatal dog against everybody

[Chorus]

[Mopreme]

My shit's phenomenal, droppin like domino  
Comin with the real yo and fuck what you feel yo  
This is not for all the freaks in short skirts  
This is for my niggaz nationwide doin work, get your feelings hurt  
Lose mo' faith than a composure, money and the doja  
Bitches is a cobra with deadly venom  
Move as smooth as I get 'em, stackin G's  
My niggas crosstown got ki's  
Hoes get diseased and fleas, for these enemies money over bitches  
(Nigga!)

[Chorus]

[Big Syke]

I'm hittin sixteen switches, my money over bitches  
The struggle continues I'll miss you on my road to riches  
I'm contribed to strive never laggin  
Disappear in the night with my 64 dragon, rag flaggin  
As I get 'em up and leave 'em stuck

Pager blowin up but I don't give a fuck  
I'm fully stocked on the block, pockets full of rocks sellin  
Loc'ers and smokers engaged twenty-fo'/seven  
So what can you do for me and what can I do for you  
But stay true, and do the things that we do  
Blinded evil-minded no option for my offspring  
Reminded can't find it complications what the future brings  
Losin my mind why you sweatin me all the time  
I'm caught in a bind, quality time on my grind  
Rather be lonely honey and dodge you like snitches  
I'm 'bout my riches, money over bitches

[Chorus]

[E.D.I.]

That's from the time a nigga close his eyes I'm hopin, I hope he awoken  
Payin my own that's tokin chokin off-a glocks smokin  
Money and power watch these bitches cause they skanless  
Gettin niggaz fucked 'n stuck from Timbuk' to Los Angeles  
Ain't a nigga ruggeder than this grimy Heine' guzzler  
Cowards better duck before my calibers start rubbin ya  
Me and my troops play blocks in groups, runnin in flocks  
Deuce-deuce in my socks keepin a watch out for cops  
Gettin kicked, I keep my mind on my riches  
While uncontrolled schemes keep me choosin my money over all my bitches

[Chorus - 2X]

[2Pac]

That's right nigga  
Money over motherfuckin bitches  
M.O.B. on 'em nigga  
Keep your motherfuckin mind on your money, fuck these hoes  
(Thug life baby) You don't need no motherfuckin bitches  
You need some motherfuckin money  
Get your mind right nigga, keep your game tight  
Play right play by the rules and you'll get paid fuck the fools  
We up out of this bitch here

[E.D.I.]

BIATCH!